

Candy-Coated Angels

by ChibiKitsune

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Summary: Yamato x Koujiro Fluff Rather silly, but its
cute

Candy-Coated Angels

TITLE: Candy-Coated Angels 1/1

> AUTHOR: Angela, with the usual amount of GiGi help.

DISCLAIMER: If I owned them, I'd make them bow before the almighty
Wu-faerie,

> but since someone else owns them, all I can do is abuse them like
this.
 DISTRIBUTION: Anyone who wants it.

> DEDICATION: To Caro-chan, because she's one of the best sibblings I
have, and
 Gilly-chan, for putting me in a fluff frame of mind.
See what happens?

> AUTHOR'S NOTES: Matt's a cat person, I tell you. Just one of those
things.
 He likes cats and ice cream. But he doesn't like Tai.

> -----
 "Matt? Oniichan? Are you okay?" TK
asked, softly stroking Gabumon's fur.

> Matt tried to remain calm, but his frustrations grew steadily.
After a
 few minutes of still silence, he was flooded with a
cascade of emotions, and

> he ran.
 He honestly did not know what to do, so he followed his
base instincts,

> which told him to run. *Hide the shame of your feelings,* His inner
voice
 told him cruelly.

> "Fuck, why can't I control myself? I have to take care of TK! I

 shouldn't care about the fact that we may never get home, that I
may never

> see my parents, or Yuri again."
 He slumped to the ground,
hugging thin knees to his chest. Laying his

> chin on them, he stared out towards the horizon, watching the sun
lazily make
 its course.

> "How long can I pull this off? The uncaring act, it sucks. I almost

 wish I was Tai, he may be stupid but atleast he can express
himself. He'd be

> a better brother for TK, TK even admits that."
 He pulled out his harmonica, looking at it intently. "This is the only
> thing I have. A fucking harmonica that anyone could fucking play!"
 Angrily he threw it as far as he could, listening almost contentedly to
> the sound it made as it struck a rock.
 "Yamato-kun?" Izzy's voice called, monotone as usual.
> Matt didn't answer, hoping foolishly that Izzy would leave.
 "Matt, I know you're here." Izzy called, stepping into view. "What's

> wrong?"
 Matt's voice cracked. "N-nothing."
> "Liar." Izzy squatted on the ground, face to face with Matt. "You don't
 just run off like that for nothing. TK thinks you're mad at him."
> Matt sighed, closing his eyes. "I'm not mad at him, I'm justâ€¦" he
 trailed off.
> "Confused?" Izzy supplied.
 "I guess. I don't know. Sometimes I just want to go home. I almost
> wish we hadn't come here. But then, I think about all of the cool stuff
 we've done, and it almost seems worth it."
> "So why are you confused?" Izzy asked. "If the good outweighs the bad,
 then you should be glad we're helping people. We saved the world!"
> "I know, but I want to be normal. I want to go home, I want my parents
 to get back together. I miss my parents, I miss my friends, I even miss
> school. I miss Yuri, too."
 "Who is Yuri, your girlfriend?" Izzy frowned.
> "No, I've never had one. Yuri's my cat." He replied softly, almost
 ashamed.
> "You had a cat? What did she look like?" Izzy sat on the ground,
 crossing his legs uniformly.
> "She was all black, with these violet-purple eyes. When we all lived
 together, Okkaa hated her, but Otou bought her for me. She's just always
> been there for me, and reminds me of my life before they split up."
 "Hey, when we get back, I wanna see this cat. I've never really played
> with one, because my parents were allergic. So I never had a pet."
 "â€¦" Matt was silent, so silent that Izzy almost thought he had fallen
> asleep. "You don't even miss your home, do you?"
 "What? Why do you say that?" Izzy was shocked.
> "You heard me. Do you miss your life back home at all?" Matt asked
 hoarsely, eyes wide.
> "I'm doing good for the world. What I feel doesn't matter in the long
 run."
> "That's shit. You just told me to be true to myself. Now it's your
 turn. What are you thinking and feeling right now?"
> Izzy seemed to tremble gently, but he did not answer. He just sat there,
 thinking to himself.
> 'What do I feel? I know what I feel, but how can I tell him? I can't
 just say that I've got all of these strange inclinations, that I can barely
> look at him anymore without the blood rising in my body. He'd hate me, more
 so than now. He probably just wishes I was Tai. Why wouldn't he? Tai may
> be stupid seeming, but he really isn't. And what he lacks in intelligence,
 he makes up for in everything else. He's brave, obviously attractive, and

> can admit that he has feelings.'
> "Izzy, you okay?" Matt asked, frowning. 'Whatever he's thinking, it
> really seems to be depressing him. He's all but deflated visibly. I've
> never seen him look so sad. He looks like TK right now, like he's going to
> cry or something.'
> Izzy shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. A nagging voice,
> however, remained in the back. *He likes Tai, don't even try. You'll just
> get hurt. Trust me, it's happened before, there's nothing stopping it from
> happening again.* "I'm fine."
> "So, what are you thinking? What are you feeling right now?" Matt asked,
> genuinely interested.
> Izzy fidgeted with his shirt, worrying the fabric between his fingers.
> "I'm not really sureâ€¦ There's a lot in there, but none of it makes sense."
> He sighed. "Like, part of my mind is almost completely focused on the
> DigiWorld, while another part is wondering what my parents are thinking, and
> the main part is justâ€¦ thinking."
> "How do you do it?"
> "Do what?"
> "Think all of the time, like you do. I don't think I've ever seen you
> relax, and just stop thinking."
> "I don't understand."
> "Your brain is almost a computer. It's just always going, processing
> information, or just pondering, but it's always seems to be going."
> "Atleast he's stopped asking what I'm feeling. For the time being.'
> "Hai, I can see what you mean. I never really thought about it."
> "Hey, Izzy, you never told me what you were feeling. Why are you
> avoiding it?"
> "I'm not avoiding it."
> "Bullshit, yes you are."
> "Why do you care? What is this sudden interest in me? Is Tai busy or
> something?!" Izzy turned his head, willing himself to calm down.
> Matt's eyes widened, then narrowed. "What the hell do you mean, is Tai
> busy? What does Tai have anything to do with this? Why does everyone seem
> to think I don't care about anyone? Maybe I do care, but I just haven't
> told you!"
> Izzy tried to close himself off from Matt's wrath, but something managed
> to break through the haze. 'â€¦ Maybe I do careâ€¦' "W-what?" He allowed his
> eyes to glance up hopefully.
> Matt was blushing several shades of red, staring down at his hands.
> "Ummâ€¦ Well, atleast I know you're listening now."
> Izzy smiled, a genuine smile. "Matt, I-I know what you mean. About the
> last part."
> Matt smiled at Izzy, and they just looked at each other, lost in a world
> of simplistic joy.

End
file.